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GRANDS NUES

CLARENCE NEWS

PEAR RIVER GRANGE
River Grange held an all district
Saturday, Jan. 10. Brother
in was present and installed
for 1925. The meeting was
order at 10.30 A. M. and

session was held. A conference was read from the Executive Committee of the State Grange, from State Lecturer announced at the National Convention at West Chester, Jan. 29-30. On motion voted to send their Lecturers expenses. Voted to close with prayer and a recess was declared until next week.

r. All retired to the dining hall about 7½ past six of the mystic story, which was one of the best, also unbeknownst to French's best, also unbeknownst bread, pies, doughnuts, etc., Sisters French and McFarland being the only ladies on the honor committee receive all the honors of the dinner. Meeting called to order by P. M., and Brother Marshall moved to install the officers, as follows:

Brother and Sister French were installed. Program was given during installation:

Maria and piano,
Gentle and Addison Saunders.
The Stearns
Mrs. Achienbach
Ruth Bennett

Doris Morton
A. R. Saunders
piano accompaniment,
Elita Brinck
Brinck at the piano,
Mrs. Achenbuehler
the Traveling Photographer,
French, McPherson and Brothers,
Ernest Holt and Arnold
al music, violin, piano and
Brother and Sister Wight and
Wight
vote of thanks was extended
to the artists and assistants for their
part in which the exercises were
given. The Grange presented
Martin with a five year diary
assurance of the day. Worthily
announced next meeting they
be in charge of the young
people for discussion, "Child

the school children being
to stay for the afternoon
worthy Master Guy Bartlett
to order and Worthy Past
Farwell accepted the chair.
Officers were seated C. W. G.
his usual pleasing and imma-
naval the installation
He was pleasantly accompa-
berham and Mrs. Guy Bart-
Mrs. Ruth Hastings as
his officer was very gracious
their proper chair as fel-

the literary program was the Worthing Lecturer:

Eleven Sisters
Iva Bartlett
Blanche Traak
Ruth Hastings
G. W. Q. Perham
Agnes and Iva Bartlett
Robert Hastings
Guy Bartlett
James H. Swan
Charles Barker

Congratulations,
G. W. Q. Perham
of thanks were extended
Sister Perham for their
and pleasant encourage-
ment voted to send Worthing
Edith Howe to the Lec-
ture held at Waterville,
was voted a committee
for resolutions on the
of Henry Adams Bartlett.
Hurrah for Old New

● 本報記者 王曉明 採訪 王曉明 採訪 王曉明 採訪

Soil Analysis His Business

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

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"LUCKY for you Macon sent you to me," Elder Blinky said, "otherwise you wouldn't have a chance of getting in at the Brittons—the right place for you. Big house, good cook, good garden, all the fruit there is—and Sister Britton's a good woman."

"Thanky, sir," young Ware broke in, "is it possible yonder stands the house?"

"Actually the house," said the elder, riding through the gate that Ware held open. Three minutes later, having knocked loudly and vainly on the front door, they went down the side path and upon turning the corner stopped dead. "Trespassers," a sign in iron letters, round, simple figure in iron overalls and tattered straw hat, shouting softly: "Juba! Juba! Juba! Juba!"

"Juba! Juba! Juba! Juba!" And at the climax of "Juba!" raising a foot higher than the waist and swinging it in full circle, pivoted on the other, balancing itself the white by outlying arms.

Blinky's iron-gray beard appeared to bristle. Ware made to draw him away unseen, but vainly. Striding within the length of the dancer he boomed: "Juba! Go put on your clothes and send your grandmother to us—"

"I'm wearing clothes—my costume for the masque party tomorrow night," interjected the dancer.

"It go fitch her—to see how you're disgracing the family!" Blinky shouted, giving the shoulder nearest him a resounding blow. Next second he repeated bitterly. Jerry had let fly with a fist that knew its business so well it brought gushing blood as it landed upon his nose. Ware had taken refuge in a tall thin clump; now he rushed out, caught Blinky and tried to drag him away. Seeing him Jerry turned back, pulled her tattered hat lower, and said, nodding at Blinky: "Sorry I had to hit you, here at home, but you had warning—ever you had a finger on me again you'd get it back—with interest."

"Fair enough," said Ware, trying hard not to smile; then to Blinky: "Let's ride! We've no business here."

"Stop his nose-bled first! I'll get water and cotton," Jerry interposed over her shoulder, darting away. In a wink she was back with a basin of cold water, clean towels and the camphor bottle. "Here, you fix him up!" she ordered, thrusting her burdens into Ware's hands. Just as Blinky shouted furiously: "Sister Britton! Come and see what your dear child has done!"

Out upon the back piazza came a plump, white-haired person, rubbing sleep from hazel eyes.

"I'm more than mortified at all this, madam," said Ware. "Believe me, had I dreamed—"

"I understand," said madam, smiling softly. "You wouldn't have come. You've got a look of the Escotts—I knew them well."

"My name is Escott Ware. No glad you know my people," the young man beamed. He was answered with a smile so encouraging that very shortly he asked an abiding place for the evening. He was to stay in Brush Creek neighborhood. Soil analysis was his business.

"Boarders we never take," said madam. "But nobody kin to the Escotts is going to stay elsewhere in this neck of the woods."

"I haven't said so," plaintively from Jerry, brave in blue organdy, with a pink rose at her throat, and another in her hair. Ware could not believe his eyes—she was a dream—one that took away alike his heart and his breath, but luckily not his courage.

"But you will say not please!" she entreated. "I'll be very good—do exactly as I'm bidden."

Madam had seen from the very first how it was with Ware and Jerry, and thanked the good Lord; here was the proper mate for her grandchild. Hence she abetted nobly his siege of that quicksilver young person, with always a wary eye Blinkyward—she knew he had touch with Macon and the bureau, and sensed what manner of revenge he was planning to take.

She did no spying—chance made her surprise their first kiss. Very softly she slipped behind them, joined their hands, and laid her own upon their heads with, "Here are my children!" then with a giggle, "But don't you dare even to look too happy till I've got back and come to the table!"

Granny knew not to leave the other to head themselves van to head. Hence she never took away from him his wife as first of vision. Hence she was a man had rallied to Blinky Ware, hanging upon his words, accepting his suggestions, ready to pledge anything he asked. He told and showed them the secrets of their cultivation, the seeds of success.

Macon found Ware's reports so delightful he suddenly decided to see for himself this near-paradise, without the least memory of his school fellow. He drove his own car—got lost at once—and by happy chance found himself just outside the Britton gate. Inside he saw something that started his eyes—a pair of lovers bearing fruit-baskets, baskets, who suddenly set down the baskets to kiss each other with the happy innocence of Eden. Striding up to them Macon said gruffly: "Is this how you teach soil husbandry?"

"No, sir," from Ware, so white as death, "this is the way I practice it."

Explorer Will Seek

Treasures Under Sea

In recent years Hans Hartman has made extensive explorations in the Mediterranean, which he believes to be the richest field for submarine archeologic research and for the recovery of the "treasures of antiquity." With Count de Protok, he is of the opinion this sea, which was the theater of ancient world rivalry—and beyond whose Pillars of Hercules only the boldest adventurers dared to venture—holds secrets that will fill in wide gaps in the human story, and art treasures that will excel the collections in all of existing museums combined.

It is confident that both tasks will be facilitated by the remarkable clearness of the water in the Mediterranean. In many places one can distinguish everything in depths of 100 feet. This, he points out, is the ideal condition for submarine motion pictures.

"But if necessary," he explains, "conditions can be improved for underwater photography, by the creation of an artificial screen or background formed by a chemical filtering fluid let down from the surface. The chemical used tends to reflect the light. Naturally, the objects beneath it, and the camera, with its illuminator, would be thrown into sharper relief."

But even this device, according to Mr. Hartman's scientifically founded hope, will be discarded when submarine archeologic places deep-sea studios at the disposal of enterprising producers, by salvaging the forgotten grandeur of vanished civilizations.

Workday in Czechoslovakia
Czechoslovakia was the first industrial state among the European countries to ratify the eight-hour convention and introduce a statutory eight-hour day.

A report on hours of labor in Czechoslovakia has just been issued through a bulletin by the International labor office, Washington.

The first part of the monograph is devoted to an account of the scope and provisions of the Czechoslovakia republic act of 1913 by which the eight-hour day or forty-eight-hour week was introduced in the republic.

The monograph devotes special attention to the methods of applying the act in railway undertakings and the provisions for permanent or temporary exemptions. This is followed by data concerning the administration of the act. The third part of the study deals in some detail with collective agreements regarding hours of work.

Determining Currents
About twenty-four years ago the Geographical society of Philadelphia set 31 casks afloat in the Arctic ocean north of Alaska. The purpose was to determine if possible the course of the Arctic current, says the Bulletin of that city.

Members of the society at that time were of the opinion that a strong current flowed westerly from Bering strait across the polar areas and into the north Atlantic between Greenland and Spitzbergen.

Seven of the thirty-four have been picked up. A note in the last cask found was sent to H. M. Bryant, president of the Philadelphia society, by S. T. Wood, an Inspector in the Royal Canadian Mounted police stationed in the Yukon. Wood said the cask was found by Eskimo Papook in 1923 at Husky Inlet which is south of Cape Bathurst.

Constant Fight on Sand

The battle against sand in Liverpool is disclosed in its dock engineer's report for the year ended July. Six great sand pump dredgers are constantly at work removing the sand from the bar and shoals in the Queen's and Crosby channels. In the endeavor to keep the great port of Liverpool up to date. The report states that 25,002,500 tons of sand were removed. The quantity of sand moved from the bar and shoals since 1900 amounts to 279,503,320 tons. In addition, 4,148,210 tons have been removed from the dock entrances, and 588,125 tons from the south side of the fairway by bucket dredgers.

And He Came Up Smiling

A dump wagon loomed ahead suddenly and there was a loud bump when Fred Thour of Stowe township, Pennsylvania, hit it with his fiver. His car stopped for the moment, but he went right ahead—through the wind shield. Landing comfortably on the dirt in the canyon. Fred was about to pick himself up when the bottom gates opened and dumped him into the street. The wagon passed over him and so did his own clothes, which had apparently decided to take the exact form of a mere dump wagon. Fred and a clothes brush faced Thour up almost as good as new. —Red in White.

Softening Ermine Skin

If ermine skins have become stiff, they may be rendered pliable by the following method. Place the hair side of the skin downward on a board and tack it smooth and taut by the edges. Rub in gentle of chalk on the skin side, and when it begins to fall off take the skin off the board. Then rub in plenty of powdered alum on the skin side, wrap up securely and keep for some days in a dry place.

Modern Ark to Cruise

What is announced as a replica of Noah's ark has been built in the mud-bats near Bayshore, Md. The craft is 20 feet long, 12 feet high and contains six rooms. Allan Halsey is the owner and he intends to cruise in this odd-shaped houseboat.

GAINS 20 POUNDS

TAKING KARNAK

"Praise Be To This Great Medicine," Says Happy Portland, Me., Woman. "Wretched Indigestion Is Gone."

Everywhere, all over Maine and New Hampshire, the sensational new treatment, Karnak, is demonstrating that it is the best and quickest relief for indigestion the world has ever known. People by the hundreds, in every community, are turning from ordinary medicines and tablets and finding in Karnak the surest means of overcoming digestive troubles.

Thousands are reporting phenomenal results from the use of this amazing treatment. Among them is Mrs. Mary Anthony, 11 Cotton St., Portland, Me., who says:

"This Karnak treatment has rid me of one of the most severe cases of indigestion and biliousness a woman ever had. I never saw anything like the way it has overcome all my troubles. I don't have any more headaches, nervous or dizzy attacks—I sleep fine, eat anything I want and have gained 20 pounds. Praise be to this great medicine Karnak."

Karnak is sold in Bethel exclusively by W. E. Besserman; and by the leading druggist in every town.

CENSUS OF AGRICULTURE BEING TAKEN

We publish below a letter from the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., in reference to the Agricultural Census which is being taken. It is urged upon every farmer to answer correctly every question on the schedule used by the enumerator. This is especially true of the question regarding personal debt. This is important for the purposes of the government in determining the financial status of the farmer, and therefore, would aid Congress materially in legislating in his behalf. This information is strictly confidential and will be used only for statistical purposes.

To the Farmers of the United States: The Department of Agriculture is vitally interested in the Census of Agriculture for which the enumeration is now in progress. Every farmer should also be interested in this work because this Census will result in obtaining facts that will lead to a proper understanding of the actual conditions existing throughout the country.

The census is taken by the Department of Commerce in cooperation with the Department of Agriculture. The schedule of inquiry was approved by the Department of Agriculture and directed to determine matters of fundamental importance to the welfare of the agricultural industry. This census is needed as a basis for the annual crop estimates of the Department of Agriculture, and it is of great importance that the results be accurate. The totals of farm acreage, land utilization, livestock, crops, etc., will show actual conditions during 1924 and will be used for the preparation of estimates for each year until the next census.

This census is being taken primarily for the benefit of the farmers. I can assure them that all of the information contained on the census schedule will be treated as strictly confidential and will be used only for statistical purposes to show the totals for the different counties and states. All this information will directly or indirectly be of benefit to farmers and to farmers' associations and organizations throughout the country. It will help Congress to legislate wisely in matters affecting the farmers' interests.

I desire therefore to appeal to the farmers to give prompt reply to all of the inquiries on the schedule and in every way possible facilitate the work of the enumerator, so that the census may be taken quickly and that there may be no delay in tabulating the figures and publishing the totals.

HOWARD M. GODE,
Secretary of Agriculture.

REPORT

all the news happenings that come to your attention to this office. It will be appreciated for every piece of news will make the paper more interesting for you as well as others. We want and with your help will print all

THE NEWS

RADIO PROGRAMS

Westinghouse Radio Station WBE
Springfield, Mass.
337 Meters—890 Kilocycles

Thursday

11.55 A. M. Arlington time signals; weather reports; Springfield market report.

5 P. M. Dinner concert by the Westinghouse Philharmonic Trio, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7 P. M. Market report, as furnished by the United States department of agriculture at Boston.

7.05 P. M. Bedtime story for the kiddies, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7.15 P. M. Letter from the New England Homestead, "Preparation of Federal Income Tax Returns," by Thomas McCarty, from Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7.30 P. M. Educational course in foundations of music by Prof. Roy Dickenson Welch of Smith College; course under the auspices of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, department of education, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

8 P. M. Alberta Kelleher, violinist, accompanied by May Leach, from Hotel Kimball studio.

8.15 P. M. The Original Three Muskeeters; Thomas Moran, monologist; James Brazill, tenor; Vincent A. Breglio, pianist, from Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

8.30 P. M. George Leo Patterson, talk on "The Coming Eclipse of the Sun," from Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

9.00 P. M. The Original Three Muskeeters; Thomas Moran, monologist; James Brazill, tenor; Vincent A. Breglio, pianist, Hotel Kimball studio.

9.15 P. M. The Boston Professional Entertainers, including Charles E. Colby, pianist; Sandy MacDonald, Scotch comedian; Lenora Ferrar, accordion player, and Jack Griffin, comedian; Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

9.30 P. M. Westinghouse Philharmonic trio, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

9.45 P. M. Continuation of program by the Boston Professional Entertainers, Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

9.55 P. M. Arlington time signals; official United States weather reports.

11 P. M. Hotel Brunswick orchestra.

11.30 P. M. Popular song cycle by Don Ramsey's Four.

11.45 P. M. Hotel Brunswick orchestra.

Friday

11.55 A. M. Arlington time signals; weather reports; Springfield market report.

7 P. M. Market reports as furnished by the United States department of agriculture at Boston.

7.05 P. M. Bedtime story for the kiddies, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7.15 P. M. Sketches from United States naval history by E. S. R. Brandt, lieutenant-commander, U. S. N.

7.30 P. M. Concert by the Hotel Kimball Trio, direct from the Hotel Kimball dining room under the direction of Jan Gerls.

8 P. M. Broadcast direct from the Boston Arena of the Harvard-Princeton hockey game.

9.55 P. M. Arlington time signals and official U. S. Weather reports.

Broadcasting Station WBE, Edison Light of Boston—500 Watts, 303 Meters

Thursday

6.30 P. M. Boston Edison Big Brother Club.

7 P. M. Dok-Eisenbourg and his Sin-fonians.

8 P. M. Macedonian Male Quartette.

8.45 P. M. "Buddy's Bostonians" from the Fenway Theatre, Boston.

9.30 P. M. Musicals.

10 P. M. Musicals.

Tuesday

6.30 P. M. Boston Edison Big Brother Club.

7 P. M. Dok-Eisenbourg and his Sin-fonians.

8.15 P. M. Program from New York Studio including "Eveready Hour."

Wednesday

2 P. M. Jos Ryan's Internationals.

6.30 P. M. Big Brother Club.

7 P. M. Shawmut Juvenile Synopsators, Lou Lassack, Director.

7.45 P. M. Harry Einstein—The Bad Boy from the Good Home.

8 P. M. Musicals.

9 P. M. Gillette Safety Razor Dance Orchestra.

10 P. M. Program arranged by Ernest A. L. Hill.

11 P. M. Fenway Theatre Organ Recital with Lloyd G. Del Castillo at the Wurlitzer.

York City.

2 P. M. Crystal Lake Orchestra.

6.30 P. M. Boston Edison Big Brother Club.

7 P. M. Dok-Eisenbourg and his Sin-fonians.

8 P. M. Macedonian Male Quartette.

8.45 P. M. "Buddy's Bostonians" from the Fenway Theatre, Boston.

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WEST PARIS

A special meeting of the Universalist parish was held Friday evening at Good Will Hall. Supper was served at six o'clock under the supervision of Mrs. Elroy Davis, president of the Good Will Society, with an able corps of assistants, and was well attended. At 7.30 the business meeting was called to order, and the parish clerk, Harold C. Perham, was elected moderator for the evening. L. C. Bates, chairman of the board of trustees, presented very clearly the present condition of the parish—free from debt with the church thoroughly repaired—stating that unless accidents came nothing further need be done for ten or fifteen years.

He referred to the fact that if the church work was to be continued a change would be necessary in the executive board, and some changes in the policy of the church. Of the thirty-six subscribers when the church was opened eighteen years ago, fifteen have moved away and fourteen have died.

Mr. Bates then stated that Mrs. Bates bequeathed the sum of ten thousand dollars, the income of which is to be used to support preaching as long as Universalism should be preached in the church. If at any time the church should fail to support preaching, the income is to be used according to the direction of the Universalist State Convention.

He also made reference to the loss of Lewis M. Mann, deceased within the past eighteen months, and spoke of his \$2,000 gift, the income also to be used to support preaching.

Rev. Stanley Manning, State Superintendent, was present and spoke very helpfully on the needs of the church and the duties of its constituency.

A rising expression of reverence and gratitude was then given in memory of these loyal donors, and the business of the meeting was continued by electing a committee of three, consisting of H. H. Gammon, R. E. Chase and Mrs. Elroy Davis, who appointed a committee of eight on finances for the ensuing year, consisting of Edwin J. Mann, Harold C. Perham, Mrs. H. R. Tuell, Mrs. Reynolds Chase, Abner H. Mann, Phila Mayhew, Charles Barden and Ruth Tucker.

A committee was also appointed consisting of George Bidlow, E. D. Stillwell

and Harold C. Perham, to suggest an executive board for the annual meeting the last Tuesday in March.

The church attendance has averaged as large as during the past years, and the parish is very optimistic in regard to the coming year.

Mrs. Abner Mann is recovering from a serious operation at St. Barnabas Hospital, Woodford.

The Parent-Teacher meeting at the schoolhouse Monday evening was rather poorly attended. The program consisted of songs by Glee Club; piano duet by Margaret Lane and Helen Packard; paper, Benjamin Franklin, Irene Emery; sayings of Poor Richard, four children. At the next regular meeting, the second Monday in February, Dr. Stewart of South Paris will speak on child welfare.

Judge Arctus Stearns and Mrs. Stearns of Rumford were guests Tuesday of George Devine and family.

The Federated Aid met with Mabel Ricker last Thursday, and the officers elected were:

President—Elva Ring.
Vice-President—Emma Hollis.
Secretary—Laura McKee.
P. R. Treasurer—Carrie Flavin.
M. E. Treas.—Sadie Patch.
Chaplain—Sophie Staver.

How to Save Money WATCH THIS SPACE

We Are Offering
"SPECIALS"
Every Week.
Don't Miss Them.

THIS WEEK

35 Men's Sport Coats
and Sweaters
all styles
Were 6.00 to 8.00 each
SPECIAL PRICE
5.00

18 Boys' and Misses' Sweaters
Were 3.50 to 6.00
SPECIAL PRICE
2.75

8 Ladies' Sweaters
Were up to 10.00
SPECIAL PRICE
4.98

Terms Strictly Cash
EXTRA VALUES

Rowe's
BETHEL, MAINE

IRA C. JORDAN
General Merchandise
BETHEL, MAINE

Hall's Teapots
made of Fireproof China
Skiis and Ski Poles, Skates
Sleds, Snowshoes
G. L. Thurston
BETHEL, MAINE

RADIO

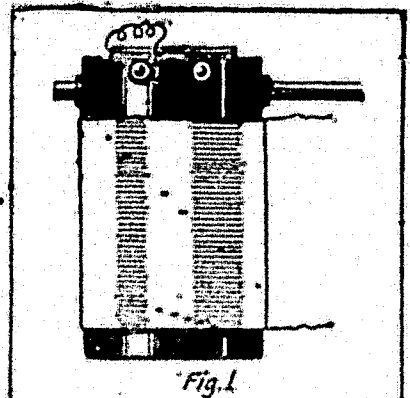
(Edited by G. Douglas Wardrop, Editor of Radio Merchandising.)

By J. L. RIFKIN

Crystals are fast becoming unpopular as detectors and rectifiers of radio waves. Except for its use in reflex circuits, the crystal is now used only by those who cannot afford the more expensive vacuum tube.

The main reason for the neglect of the crystal is the fact that crystals have a limited receiving range, except under very favorable conditions. Another reason for the unpopularity of the crystal is that most crystal circuits do not provide sufficient selectivity and the different broadcasting stations "interfere" with each other in the set.

Were it not for these two disadvantages, crystals would be even more widely used than vacuum tubes for radio reception. In the first place, crystals are very much cheaper to buy and to replace than tubes. Secondly,



Showing How Rotor Is Mounted Upon Stator Tube.

The crystal does not require any batteries to run it, as tubes do, and thus has no cost of upkeep. Thirdly, it is a well-known fact that crystals give much better and clearer reproduction of broadcast speech or music than vacuum tubes do.

An exceptionally efficient crystal set can be built if the directions and diagrams given are carefully followed. This set will give surprisingly good results and will cover far greater distances, if properly tuned, than the ordinary crystal set.

The parts needed to build this receiver are very few, and if the variocoupler is made at home according to the directions given the cost of the set, not including aerial, ground and phones, would be small.

Parts Needed to Build Set.
The materials needed are:
One variocoupler as described.
One 23-plate (.0005 mfd.) condenser.
One crystal detector.
One .002 mfd. fixed condenser.
One panel 7 inches by 10 inches.
One baseboard, 6 by 9 inches.
Aerial, ground, phones.

The variocoupler may be any one of the standard makes now on the market, or it may be constructed in this way:

Get a cardboard or composition tube about 3 1/2 inches in diameter and 6 inches long. An empty oatmeal or salt box will do very nicely. One inch down from the top of the box punch two small holes one-quarter of an inch apart. Procure a spool of No. 20 or 22 double cotton-covered wire and weave the end of the wire back and forth through the two holes until the wire is firmly anchored. A few inches at the end of the wire should be left free to make connections to.

Now the winding is begun. Wind ten turns of the wire as closely and tightly as possible. When the tenth turn is wound hold the turns securely with the left hand while you twist a silk loop in the wire with the right hand. This forms a tap. Wind on eight more turns, with a tap at the end of every fourth turn. Do not make the taps directly under each other, but a little staggered to one side, as shown in Fig. 1. These form the "tens" taps.

Nine more turns are then wound on, with a tap at the end of each turn. These are the "units" taps. After the ninth turn has been tapped wind an

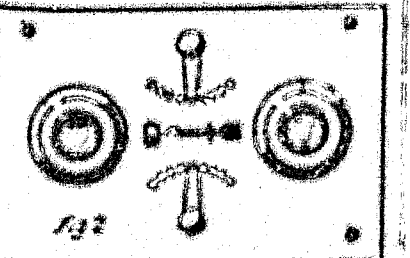


Diagram Showing Position of the Variocoupler.

other turns and fasten the wire securely by means of two small tacks, as in the beginning of the winding. Leave a few inches of wire at the end to make connections to.

Mounting the Rotor.

Now get a wooden rotor: tall about three inches in diameter. This rotor, with brass fittings for mounting it upon the stator tube, can be obtained at any radio shop. Sixty turns of No. 20 wire are wound upon the rotor, about two inches of wire being left at each end of the wire for connections. The rotor is then mounted upon the stator tube, as shown in Fig. 1. Two small holes are made in the stator tube directly opposite each other and one-half inch down from the top of the tube. The mounting for the rotor is then put through these holes. Stranded wire is used to connect the ends of the rotor

winding to two binding posts at the top of the stator tube.

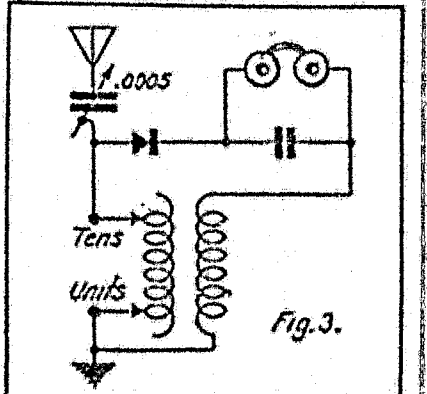
This completes the variocoupler. A thin coat of collodion or of shellac diluted with alcohol may be spread over the winding to keep the turns in place. The taps are scraped free of insulation, so that the leads from the switches may be soldered to them.

The parts are now mounted upon the panel and baseboard. The position of the various instruments is shown in Figure 2. The variocoupler is mounted on the left, the switches leading to the tens taps and the units taps respectively are in the center and the condenser is mounted on the right. This makes a very neat and simple panel layout. The crystal is mounted above the switches. If a fixed crystal detector is used it may be mounted inside the set, and will relieve the operator from the necessity of making delicate crystal adjustments.

Wiring Is Simple Matter.

The wiring diagram shown in Fig. 3 is very simple and easy to follow. The aerial (a single wire about 100 feet long) is connected to a binding post in the upper left-hand corner of the panel. The binding post is in turn connected to the stator plates of the variable condenser. The ground (a wire connected to the nearest radiator or cold water pipe) is connected to another binding post on the lower left-hand corner of the panel. The ground binding post is connected to the units switch and to one end of the rotor winding. The movable plates of the variable condenser are then connected to the "tens" switch and to the cat whisker of the crystal detector. The other end of the detector and the other end of the rotor winding go to other binding posts on the panel, to which the phones are connected. The fixed condenser is connected across the phone binding posts.

Use bus bar or No. 14 copper wire for making connections and solder all the joints well. Before soldering the



Wiring Diagram—Very Simple and Easy to Follow.

leads to the rotor windings try reversing the connections. That is, try changing around the leads going to the two rotor binding posts.

Tuning this set is very simple and does not need any description. The crystal is adjusted and the dials and switches are turned until the station is picked up, after which final adjustments are made to bring in the station as loudly as possible and to eliminate interference from other stations.

RADIO RHYMES

By ROBERT S. BUTLIFF

THE RADIO LAY

Give your hens free concerts and increase your egg production. Charmed by the music of a piccolo, 30 hens laid 5,000 eggs in seven months.—News Item.

WHEN we folks were girls and boys, if we heard a cackling noise, we wouldn't give the incident a thought; we were willing hens should cack, eggs were then as good as laid cheap, that a dozen for a quarter cent! be bought. But those times have passed away, we now can't hear the hens cack, no more the little rooster, they are kept busy at home, with a patent this or that for every need.

Nowadays there's little show for a hen that's getting slow, for production now the chickens have to run, with her feet at 90 miles, she must show some pizzazz, she must lay, or surely off will go her head. Like the calm, contented cow, chickens now are kept from rows, there's no excuse that goes for hens who shirk; she's allowed but strict property and freed from male society, the biddy's mind is kept upon her work.

But the best of all the tricks that are practiced on the chicken, a shell game all the country folks should know; is to keep the hens as happy as some to-day's radio playing, around and about the birds by radio. If you want your hens to lay, you just get some one to play some happy tune you'll find the hens like the best, then you make a sound like "glawee" and the hens will start to shoo, and the first will soon be dropping in the nest.

(By Robert S. Butliff.)

RURAL MAIL SERVICE

Few institutions in the history of American progress can be credited with a more salutary effect upon the march of that progress than the Rural Mail Service of the Post Office Department.

No other single institutionally has done more than the Rural Mail Service toward "bringing the city to the country," and relieving the prosaic existence of farm life, or has been as effective in establishing closer contact between the farmer and his markets. It has been the most important factor in making agriculture an exciting business instead of its one-time precarious classification which conveyed no broader meaning than "tilling the soil."

Twenty-nine years ago the farmer, and his wife, and children, led an existence of almost complete isolation, living upon widely scattered farms, some of them miles apart. They had comparatively little communication with their neighbors or the outside world, except that derived from weekly trips to the adjacent village. More often than not the farmer lost a full day's work and his crops were neglected in order to obtain expected mail at the village post office.

In those days the farmers' mail consisted largely of communications from relatives and friends. Today the daily mail includes, usually on the very date of publication, the metropolitan newspaper, containing market reports and agricultural news; the weekly and monthly farm journals and magazines, and business letters from the village merchant and the more pretentious establishment in the distant city. All of these are now brought to his door or to the box a few yards away.

The rural carrier is the farmers' post office and his agent. Through him he conducts transactions for the sale of his live stock, grain, and other farm produce. From him he buys stamps and pays his bills by postal money order. In short, the letter carrier is the medium that has transformed the once secluded inhabitant of the rural district into a cosmopolitan citizen, conversant with current affairs and occupying a larger place in the destinies of the nation.

History
It was Postmaster General John Wanamaker who first officially suggested in 1891 the rural mail idea to Congress. The plan was fought in the legislative branch of the government for five years before it was given a try-out.

The first bill authorizing the establishment of the service was introduced in the House by Representative James O'Donnell of Michigan, January 5, 1892. It carried an appropriation of \$50,000,000 but failed of passage. A year later Congress was induced to appropriate \$10,000 for experimental purposes followed in 1894 by \$20,000 more. Mr. Wanamaker, believing the amount insufficient even for experimental service, declined to use the money.

On January 9, 1896, \$10,000 was added by Congress and on October 1, the same year the first experimental rural delivery service was established simultaneously on three routes in West Virginia, one from Charlestown, one from Uvilla, and one from Hallsboro. From this small beginning, nine months later found the service operating on 83 routes emanating from 43 post offices in 29 states. Twenty-eight years later, or June 30, 1924, the Rural Mail Service had grown to 41,290 routes with a total mileage of 1,205,714.

In comparison with the insignificant appropriation of \$10,000 made by Congress more than a quarter of a century ago to inaugurate the service, it now requires an annual expenditure of \$50,000,000 to keep it functioning.

The first county to be completely covered by Rural Mail Service was Carroll County, Maryland, whose county service was established December 20, 1899.

There are very few counties in the country today that are not comprehended by the uttermost corners with free mail delivery.

By 1915, 20,000 fourth class post of fices had been discontinued as a result of the extension of the Rural Mail Service. It is estimated that an annual saving of \$1,013,913 was accomplished by the discontinuance of these offices when the elimination of stars, or star routes, routes to establish 5 to save \$1,042,600 per annum.

When the service was first inaugurated the salaries of rural carriers was only \$1.20 a year. They may now get as much as \$1,100 a year, depending on the length of the routes, while the motor routes of 50 miles or more pay salaries of \$2,425 to \$3,800.

Under the administration of H. H. Hillman, present Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, a marked increase in rural delivery facilities has been made, the number of routes climbing from 41,290 to 44,700; the mileage from 1,205,714 to 1,265,714 and the number of individuals served from 29,112,831 to 29,821,123.

Hillman made the nation both in the number of rural routes and in mileage, there being 3,687 routes covering a distance of 76,977 miles in that state; 654 in second with 2,742 routes and a mileage of 63,328; Missouri third with 2,252 routes covering 58,074 miles; Iowa fourth with 2,220 routes covering 60,731 miles; Texas fifth with 2,163 routes cov-

ering 59,998 miles; Pennsylvania sixth with 2,036 and 53,385 respectively; Kansas seventh with 1,902 and 55,404 respectively; and New York eighth with 1,863 and 47,180, respectively.

Figures for other states are:

State	No.	Miles
Indiana	1845	54,795
Michigan	1830	50,793
Wisconsin	1725	45,640
Minnesota	1720	49,102
Georgia	1635	47,008
Tennessee	1618	40,295
North Carolina	1402	35,499
Oklahoma	1358	36,077
Nebraska	1173	33,590
Alabama	1165	30,943
Virginia	1145	26,887
Mississippi	1006	26,884
Kentucky	915	22,497
South Carolina	892	22,707
North Dakota	833	25,008
Arkansas	746	18,962
South Dakota	712	21,062
California	490	16,228
Maine	454	11,394
West Virginia	449	10,373
Maryland	429	10,542
Washington	415	11,554
Colorado	353	13,478
Vermont	341	7,916
Louisiana	337	8,892
New Jersey	306	7,922
Florida	292	10,032
Massachusetts	285	7,344
Oregon	280	7,950
Connecticut	268	6,303
New Hampshire	248	5,840
Idaho	22	6,030
Montana	204	5,920
Delaware	103	2,758
Utah	62	1,548
New Mexico	59	2,101
Rhode Island	45	1,080
Arizona	35	1,031
Wyoming	34	1,101
District of Columbia	4	115
Nevada	4	125
Hawaii	1	17

ANDOVER

Samuel Rand has moved into the rent of Mrs. Ella Damon on Main Street.

Miss Annie Akers spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Fred Smith.

The high school was in session, Saturday.

The King's Daughters gave a surprise party to Mrs. Ella Damon on Monday evening at the home of Mrs. C. A. Rand. It was Mrs. Damon's birthday and a complete surprise to her. A good company was present and an enjoyable evening was spent. Refreshments were served.

The officers of Abbott Co., U. R. K. of T., were most pleasantly installed by

Major L. B. Reynolds of Rumford, in the Hook and Ladder Hall, Tuesday evening, Jan. 13. Officers installed:

Captain—S. P. Rand.

1st Lieut.—William Harris.

2nd Lieut.—Charles Learned.

Recorder—Charles T. Poor.

Treasurer—Roger L. Thurston.

A baked bean and pasty supper was served.

The North Andover Whist Club was pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. George Barringer, Saturday evening.

Eight tables were played. Nelson Campbell and Ruth Learned won first prizes.

and Mrs. Ida Marston and Merle Akers the second. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and coffee were served.

New books added to the public library this week are:

City of Fire, Grace Lutz

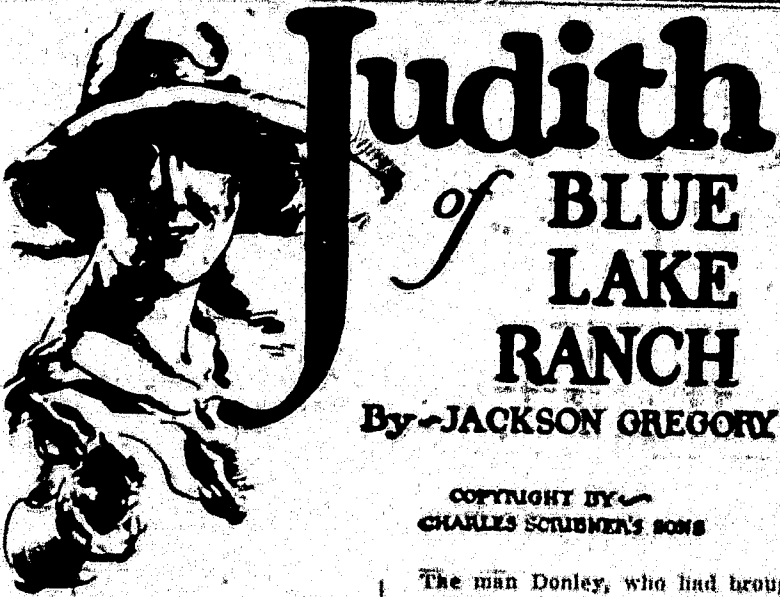
Temperamental People, Rhinehart

Lummox, Fanny Hurst

Boy Scouts on Mt. Katahdin, Walter P. Eaton

Red of Redfield, Grace Richmond

Maine Ports, H. E. Dunnack

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Synopsis

CHAPTER I.—Bud Lee, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, convicted of the murder of his wife, is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER II.—The men on the ranch, including Bud Lee, are being released on parole. They are being released on parole. They are being released on parole.

CHAPTER III.—Convicted of the murder of his wife, Bud Lee is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER IV.—Pollock Hampton, a man of the ranch, is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER V.—Bud Lee goes to the city for more money, getting back with a large sum. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER VI.—A cabin in a flower-planted clearing attracts Judith's attention. She is being released on parole. She is being released on parole. She is being released on parole.

CHAPTER VII.—Hampton, at the ranch, becomes aware of Judith's long absence. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER VIII.—"Shorty" escapes from imprisonment in the city. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER IX.—The discovery is made that Judith, with her children, is on the ranch. She is being released on parole. She is being released on parole. She is being released on parole.

CHAPTER X.—At a dance Judith meets Hampton. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER XI.—Word is sent to Lee that Quinlan has been caught. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER XII.—Quinlan, as he did, and having his own conception of the character of Bud Lee, is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER XIII.—Judith had heard of the night in the city. She is being released on parole. She is being released on parole. She is being released on parole.

CHAPTER XIV.—The ranch was stocked to its utmost capacity. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole. He is being released on parole.

CHAPTER XV.—Judith, interested in the new life, is being released on parole. She is being released on parole. She is being released on parole.

The man Donley, who had brought to the ranch the horses carrying cholera, was tried in Rocky Bend. The evidence, though circumstantial, was strong against him, and the prosecution was pushed hard. But it was little surprise to any one at the ranch when the trial resulted in a hung jury. The ablest lawyer in the county had defended Donley, and finally, late in August, secured his acquittal. The man himself did not have ten dollars in the world; the attorney taking his case was a high-priced lawyer. Obviously, to Judith Sanford at least, Bayne Trevors was standing back of every play his hirelings made.

Doc Tripp had the hog cholera in hand. And every day, out with the live stock whose wellbeing was his responsibility, he worked as he had never worked before, watchful, eager, suspicious.

"If they'll drop cholera down on us out of the blue sky," he snapped, "I'd like to know what they won't try."

For the first few days following the dance Bud Lee had within his soul room but for one emotion: he had held Judith in his arms. He had set his lips on hers. He went hot and cold with the remembrance. Being a man, he made his man suppositions of the emotions that rankled in her breast. He imagined her contempt of a man who by his strength had forced her lips to yield his; he pictured her scorn, her growing hatred. He told himself that he should go, rid the ranch of his presence, take his departure without a word with her. For already, he had fitted her into his theory of the perfect woman, lifting her high above himself and above the human world. It was a continued insult for him to remain here.

But, after careful thought, he remembered what Judith had already told him; he was one of the men whom she could trust to do her work for her, one of the men she most needed, a man whom she would need sorely if Bayne Trevors were lying quiet now but to strike harder, unexpectedly, later.

Judith did not dismiss him, as at first he had been sure she would. So he stayed on, remaining away from the ranch headquarters, sleeping when he could in the cabin above the lake, spending his days with his horses, avoiding her but keeping her person, ally in his soul, her interests in his heart. When the winter had passed when she had made her sales and had the money in hand for the payments upon the mortgage, then he would go. Wherever, no doubt, the high gods smiled.

As time passed, there came about a subtle change in the attitude of the outfit toward Pollock Hampton, whom they had been at the beginning prone to accept as a "city guy." It began to appear that under his lightness there was often a steady purpose; that if he didn't know everything about a ranch, he was learning fast; that in his outspoken admiration of things rough and manly and primal there were certain lasting qualities, whereas formerly his being thrown from a spirited mount was almost a daily occurrence, now he rode rather well, with tanned face and hard hands, he was, as Carson put it, "growing up."

He came to Judith one day seriously, thoughtfully-eyed.

"Look here, Judith," he began abruptly. "I'm no outsider just looking on at this game. You're the chief owner and the boss and I'm not looking on at that any longer. You've got to take a hand in the rest of this thing and have a say of getting with it. But, on the other hand, I'm not going to let you get to me."

Judith smiled at him.

"What now, Pollock?" she asked.

"You're the boss," she repeated.

"But I've got a right to be next to you," he said.

"Who, by the way, I am around feeling as if I had to take orders from Carson or Tripp or any other of the foreman."

"By cripes, to be sure!" laughed Judith. "Go ahead."

"That's all," he insisted. "You can tell them when you get a chance, that I am your little old right hand man. Suppose," he suggested vaguely, "that you left the ranch a day or so. It's even longer, some time. There's got to be some one here who is the head when there is need for it."

Judith merrily acquiesced. Hampton's interest was sufficiently heavy for him as he realized to some consideration. Besides, she had come to experience a liking for the boy and had seen in him the change for the better which the new life was working in him. Further, she meant to make it her business that she did not leave the ranch for a day or so, as an hour or so, when she should be there. Consequently, within a week Pollock Hampton was known henceforth from that time on to the other at the big ranch as the Foreman.

Large.

Marcel Langworthy, visiting in southern California, wrote brief, sunny notes to Hampton, intricate letters to Judith. The mystery of Bud Lee of which she had had a glimpse when the artist, Dick Farris, and Lee recognized each other as old friends had played her curiosity in a way which allowed that young daughter of Eve no rest until she had made her own investigations. She wrote at length of Lee. How he had been quite the rage, my dear. Oh, tremendously rich, with a great ranch in the South, a wonderful adobe hacienda of the old Spanish days, where, like a young king, he had entertained lavishly. How, believing in his friends, he had lost everything, then had dropped out of the world, content equally to allow that world to believe him soldiering in France or dead in the trenches and to take his wage as a common laborer. Wasn't it too romantic for anything?

In due course, following up her letter, Marcel herself came back to the Blue Lake ranch, Judith's guest now. The major and Mrs. Langworthy were visiting in the East. They seemed that they always visited "somewhere" and Marcel would stay at the ranch indefinitely. Hampton drove into Rocky Bend for her and held the girl's breathless admiration all the way home, handling the reins of his young team in a thoroughly reckless, shivery manner.

"Isn't he splendid?" cried Marcel when she slipped away with Judith to her room.

Under the bright approval of Marcel's eyes Hampton flushed with pleasure. Could Mrs. Langworthy have seen them together she would have judged the major and whispered in his ear.

During the two months after the dance, Bud Lee and Judith had seen virtually nothing of each other. When routine duties or a necessary report brought them for a few minutes into each other's society, there was a marked constraint upon them. Never had the man lost the stingy sense of his offense against her; never had Judith condescended to be anything but cool and brief with him. While no open reference was made to what was past, still the memory of it must lie in each heart, and though Lee held his eyes level with hers and drank deep of the warm loveliness of her, he told himself angrily that he was beneath her contempt. The chivalry within him, so great and essential a part of the man's nature, was a wounded thing, hurt by his own act. The old feeling of camaraderie which had sprung up between them at times was gone now; they could no longer be "partners" as they had been that night in the old cabin.

He told himself curiously that he did not regret that; that now it was inevitable that they should be less than strangers since they could not be more than friends. That the girl was ready to forgive him, that she had never been as harsh with him as he was himself, that there was a golden, delicious possibility that she should feel as he did—so mad an idea had not come to Bud Lee, horse foreman.

A few days after Marcel's arrival there came to the ranch a letter which was addressed:

"Pollock Hampton, Esq.,
General Manager,
"Blue Lake Ranch."

It was from Doan, Rockwell & Haight, big stock buyers of Sacramento, submitting an unsolicited order for a surprisingly large shipment of cattle and horses. The price offered was ridiculously low, even for this season of low figures due to the fact that many overstocked ranches were throwing their beef-cattle and range horses on the market. So low, in fact, that Judith's first surmise when Hampton brought it to her was that the tylist taking the company's dictation had made an error.

Judith tossed the note into the wastebasket. Then she retrieved it to frown at it wonderingly, and, finally, to file it. It began by saying for her no significance worthy of speculation. It soon began to puzzle her. Finally, it faintly disturbed her.

Here were two points of interest. First, Doan, Rockwell & Haight was the company to which Bayne Trevors, when general manager, had made many a profitable sale. Because the Blue Lake had knocked down to him before, did they still count on him?

With that he whistled his horse, and was gone. Carson, with pucker and brow, stared after him.

But orders were orders, and Carson though the heart was sore, barked out his commands to his herders to turn the cattle back toward the lower fields. He had been converted to the new way, he had grown to dream of the fat prices his cow trunks would fetch in the winter market, he knew that prices for were rock-bottom low, that Doan, Rockwell & Haight were close buyers who would now eat out the throat of the Blue Lake ranch in winter when after Bayne Trevors ran the outfit.

With that he whistled his horse, and was gone. Carson, with pucker and brow, stared after him.

Identically upon continued mismanagement? Surely they must know that the management of the ranch had changed. And this brought her to the second point; How did it come about that they had addressed, not her, but Pollock Hampton? Was this just a trifle?

Long ago Judith had told herself that she must keep her two eyes wide open for seeming trifles. In spite of her, though she scoffed at her "nerves," the girl had the uneasy conviction that this offer had been prompted by Trevors; that Trevors, for purposes of his own, had given instructions that the letter be addressed to Hampton; that this was the first sign of a fresh campaign directed against her from the dark; that trouble was again beginning.

Thoughtfully she smoothed out the letter, impaling it on her nail.

Pollock Hampton, Foreman-at-Large, came and went on the ranch, carrying orders, taking always a keen interest in whatever work fell to hand. An interest of a fresh kind, in that it was born of a growing understanding. The men grew to like him; Bud Lee tacitly sought to acquaint him with many ranch matters which would prove of value to him. Carson, however, grown nervous over the new method in stock raising still in its experimental stage, was given to take any suggestion from Hampton in the light of a personal affront.

"Don't mind," he growled deep in his throat when Hampton had ridden out with words to shift one of the herds into a fresh pasture, an act on which Carson had already decided, "some day I'll just take him between my thumb and my finger and annihilate him."

The greater bulk of the stock had been steadily shifted higher in the hills. The hogs grazed on the slopes at the north of the Lower End; cattle and horses had been pushed eastward to the little valleys in the mountains, where the old cabin stood, was now stocked with Lee's prize string of horses. Then one day Hampton came galloping through the herds of short-horns, seeking Carson.

"Crowd them down to the Lower End again," he shouted above the din. "Cut out the scrappy ones and haze the rest into the pens."

Carson's steel-blue eyes snapped, his teeth showed like a dog's.

"Drunk!" he sneered. "What's eating you?"

"Do as you're told," retorted Hampton hotly. "Those are orders from headquarters and it's up to you to obey them. Get me?"

"If ever I do get you, sonny," grunted Carson, "there won't be enough of you left for the dawgs to quarrel over. Orders or no orders, I ain't going to do no such fool thing."

Hampton reined his horse in closer, staring frowningly at the old cattleman. The purplish color of rage mounted in Carson's tanned cheeks.

"You'll do what you're told or go get your time," he announced tersely. "We've got an order for five hundred beef cows and we're selling immediately."

Carson's jaw dropped.

"What?" he demanded, not quite believing his ears. "Say that again, will you?"

"I said it once," retorted Hampton. "Now get busy."

"Who are we selling to? I ain't heard about it."

"An oversight, my dear Mr. Carson," laughed Hampton, his own anger risen. "Quite an oversight that you were not consulted. We are selling to Doan, Rockwell & Haight. Ever heard of them?"

"Who says we're selling?"

"I say so. And, if you've got to have all the news, Miss Sanford says so."

"She does, does she? Him-m. First I knew of it. What offer?"

"Really, does that concern you? If the price suits me and Miss Sanford, who own the stock, does it in any way affect you? I don't want to quarrel with you, Carson, and I do appreciate that you are a good man in your way. But just because you have worked here a long time, don't make the mistake of thinking that you own the ranch."

With that he whistled his horse, and was gone. Carson, with pucker and brow, stared after him.

But orders were orders, and Carson though the heart was sore, barked out his commands to his herders to turn the cattle back toward the lower fields. He had been converted to the new way, he had grown to dream of the fat prices his cow trunks would fetch in the winter market, he knew that prices for were rock-bottom low, that Doan, Rockwell & Haight were close buyers who would now eat out the throat of the Blue Lake ranch in winter when after Bayne Trevors ran the outfit.

With that he whistled his horse, and was gone. Carson, with pucker and brow, stared after him.

hour later came up with Lee. The horse foreman was sitting still in his saddle, his eyes taking stock of a fresh bit of pasture into which he planned turning his horses a little later. It was one of a dozen small meadows on the mountain creeks where the canyon walls widened out into an oval-shaped valley, less than a half-mile long, where there was much rich grass.

"Hello, Hampton," called Lee pleasantly. "What's the word?"

The perspiration streaming down Hampton's face had in no way dampened his ardor.

"Big doings," he cried warily. "We're cutting loose, Bud, at last and pulling up the shingles! You're to gather up a hundred of the most likely cayuses you've got and shove them down to the Lower End. We're selling pretty heavily to Doan, Rockwell & Haight."

A new flicker came into Lee's eyes. Then they went hard as polished agate.

"I didn't quite get you, Hampton," he said softly. "You say we're selling a hundred horses? Now?"

Hampton nodded, understanding nothing of what lay in Lee's heart.

"On the jump, just as fast as we can get them on the run," he said triumphantly. "Judith wanted me to tell you."

"I see," answered Lee slowly.

His eyes left Hampton's flushed face and went to the distant cliffs. It was no way of Bud Lee's to hide his eyes from a man, and yet now he did hide them. He did not want Hampton to see what they showed so plainly, in spite of his attempt to master his emotion. He was hurt. Long ago he had offended Judith, and she had waited until now to repay his rude insult with this cool little slap in the face. She had not consulted him, she had not mentioned a sale to him, and now she sent Hampton and did not even come to him with a word of explanation. It was quite as if she had said:

"You are just a servant of mine. Like the rest, Bud Lee, and I treat you accordingly."

Until Judith had come, there had been nothing that this man loved as he did his work among his horses. He watched them as day after day they grew into clean-blooded perfection; he appraised their values; he saw personally to their education, helping each one of them individually to become the true representative of the proudest species of animal life. Had he turned his eye now to the herd down yonder he could have seen the animal he had selected for a broodmare next year, the three-year-old destined to draw all eyes as he stepped daintily among the best of the single-footers in Golden Gate Park, the rich red bay gelding that he would mate for a splendid carriage team. . . . Oh, he knew them all like human friends, planned the future for each, the sale of each would be no sorrow but rather a triumph of success. And now, to see them lumped and sold to Doan, Rockwell & Haight—even that hurt. But most of all Judith's treatment of him cut, cut deep.

"You're a fool, Bud Lee," he told himself softly. "Oh, G-d, what a fool!"

"The buyers will be here the first thing tomorrow," said Hampton. "Judith says we're to have everything ready for them."

"I'll not keep her waiting," answered Lee quietly. And with a quick touch of the spur he whistled his horse and left Hampton abruptly, going straight to the plateau.

"Round 'em up, Tommy," he said sharply. "Every d—n hoof of them. They go back to the corral."

Though quick questions surged up in Tommy's brain, none of them was asked just yet, for he had seen the look on Lee's face.

It was early in the afternoon when Hampton carried his messages to Carson and Lee. It was after dark when Lee, his work done, his heart still sore and heavy, came into the men's bunkhouse. It was very still, though close to a dozen men were in the room. Lee's eyes found Carson and he guessed the reason for the silence. Carson was in a towering rage that flamed red-hot in his eyes; under the spell of his dominating emotion, the men sat and stared at him.

"Well, what's wrong?" asked Lee coolly from the door.

"Good god-blessings!" growled Carson unthinkingly. "You star there an' ask what's the matter. If they ain't thing that ain't the matter an' you'll spell its name to me I'll put it in with you. The whole outfit's going to pot, an' for one, don't care how soon it goes."

"Hather a nice way for a cattle foreman to talk about his ranch, tent!" asked Lee coolly.

"Cattle foreman?" snarled Carson with further emphasis. "Now, will you stan on your two feet an' explain to me how in blue blazes a man can be a cattle foreman when there ain't no cattle?"

"So that's it, is it? I didn't know how close you were selling off."

"I ain't say no selling! Why, I got along to run my cow trunks all winter, what with the dry feed in them cayuses."

Lee didn't hear the rest. It had been his intention to come in and smoke with the boys, and perhaps play a game of whist. Anything to keep from thinking. But now, moving on impulse, he turned and left the shack, going swiftly up the knoll to the ranch-house.

Just stepping into the courtyard soft under the moon, thinking with the play of the fountains, stirred his heart to quicker beating. He had not set foot here for over two months, not since that night which he knew he should forget and yet to which mem-

ory he clung desperately. This was the first time in many a long week that he had gone out of his way to seek Judith. And now words which Judith herself had spoken to him one day were now at least a part of the cause sending him to speak with her. She had said that he was loyal, that she needed loyal men. He still looked for her, he was still a Blue Lake ranchman, he still loved her his loyalty, though it came from a sore heart.

If she were hard driven in some way which she had not seen fit to confide to him, if she were forced to make this tremendous sale, if she were mad or had at last lost her nerve, frightened at the thought of the heavy sums of money to be raised at the end of the winter, well, then it still could do no harm for him to speak his mind to her. Hampton had told him the price which the horses were to bring; it was pitifully small and Lee meant to tell her so, to tell her further that he would guarantee an enormous gain over it if she gave him time. He would be doing his part though she called him meddler for his pains.

Marcel Langworthy, hidden in a big chair on the veranda, watched him approach with interest, though Lee was unconscious of her presence. He had lifted a hand to rap at the door when she called to him, saying:

"Good evening, Mr. Mystery-man. Have you forgotten me?"

Though he had pretty well forgotten her, it was not necessary to tell her that he had. He came toward her, putting out his hand.

"Good evening, Miss Langworthy," he said cordially. "I haven't seen much of you this time, have I? Two reasons, you know: busy all day and half the night, for one thing, and for another, Hampton has monopolized you, hasn't he?"

Marcel laughed softly.

"To a man your size the second reason is absurd. . . . Will you sit down? You see, I am talking it for granted that you come here to see me. Unless," and her eyes twinkled brightly up at him, "you were surreptitiously calling on Mrs. Simpson?"

"I'd love to talk with you," he assured her. "But, as I've just hinted, my work here has got me into the habit of running away with me into the night. I really came up for a word with Miss Sanford."

"Oh, didn't you know?" asked Marcel. "Judith isn't here."

"Isn't she?" he frowned. "No, I didn't know. I haven't seen much of her lately and didn't know her plans. Where is she?"

"In San Francisco. Her lawyers sent for her, you know. Something about a tangle in her father's business. Funny you hadn't heard; she left Saturday night."

Saturday? This was Tuesday evening. Judith had been away three full days. Lee, thinking hurriedly, thought that he saw now the explanation of Judith's ordering a sale like this. Her lawyers had found what Marcel called a "tangle" in Luke Sanford's affairs; there had been an instant call for a large sum of money to straighten it out, and Judith had accepted the only solution.

Still, it didn't seem like Judith to sell like this at a figure so ridiculously low. Doan, Rockwell & Haight were not the only buyers on the coast; Lee himself could get more for the horses if he had two days' time to look around; the cattle were worth a great deal more than they were being sold for, even with the market down.

"Did she have an idea what the trouble was before she left?" he asked finally.

"Why," said Marcel, "I don't know. You see, she slipped out late Saturday night after we'd all gone to bed. There was a message for her over the telephone; she got up, dressed, loaded her own horse and rode into Rocky Bend alone, just leaving a note for me that she might be gone a week or two."

Just why he experienced a sense of uneasiness even then, Lee did not know. It was like Judith to act swiftly when need be; to go alone and on the spur of the minute to catch her train; to slip out quietly without disturbing her guest.

"You have heard from her since?" he demanded abruptly.

"Not a word," said Marcel. "She doesn't like letter writing and so I haven't expected to hear from her. She started with her for a moment, then claiming work still to be done, turned to go back down the knoll. A new thought upon him, he once more came to Marcel's side.

"I expect I'd better see Hampton," he said. "Do you know where he is?"

"Where he has been every night since Judith left," laughed Marcel. "He's old Mr. Business Man these days. In the office."

There Lee found him. Hampton, his hair ruffled, Judith's table littered with market reports, and many sheets of paper covered with untidy figures, looked up at Lee's entrance.

"Hello, Bud," he said, reaching for cigarette and match. "Got everything ready for tomorrow?"

"Why didn't you tell me Miss Sanford had gone away?" was Lee's sharp rejoinder. Hampton flushed.

"Devil take those two eyes of yours, Bud," he said testily. "They've got a way of boring through a man until he feels like they were searching the furniture behind him. Well, I'll tell you. While Judith is away I am running this outfit. And if the men think I am coming straight from her with an order they obey it. If they get the questions, that's why."

To be continued

